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INDIANA JONES™

AND THE FATE OF ATLANTIS

From a story by
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Lucasfilm Games

Comic book adaptation
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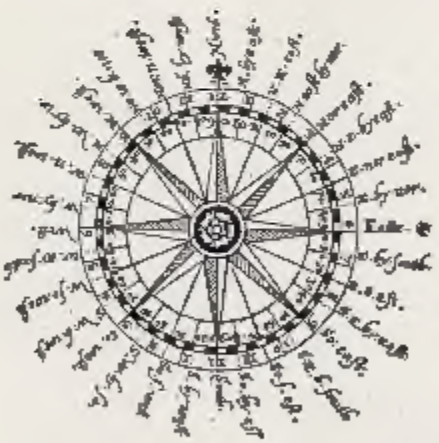

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ACH! PRIMITIVE! CRUDE! WHERE ARE THE "WONDERS," HERR PROFESSOR?
THEY ARE HERE — SOMEWHERE, COLONEL KERNER! PROBABLY AT THE HEART OF THIS SUNKEN EMPIRE!
U17
A PLACE WHERE ORICHALCUM, MIGHTY AS THE ATOM, POWERED GREAT AND AWESOME MACHINES! A PLACE WHERE MEN WERE LIKE GODS!
AND I MEAN TO FIND IT!

JAWOHL, PROFESSOR UBERMANN! WE WILL SURELY FIND THE INNER CORE OF ATLANTIS... TOGETHER!
OVERSTUFFED PORK FLESH!
I DO THE GROUNDWORK. HE WANTS THE GLORY!
SO MANY CORRIDORS! WE PAUSE HERE, GET OUR BEARINGS!
NOW, OUR MISS SOPHIA HAPGOOD! THE "CASSANDRA" OF PARK AVENUE!
PROPHETESS, SEER, FORTUNETELLER! YOU FOUND YOUR WAY THROUGH THE LABYRINTH...
YOU HAVE READ STERNHART'S DIARY...
YOU KNOW MORE THAN YOU SAY!
PERHAPS EVEN THE WAY INTO THE INNER CITY, EH?
SEA SCUM!
DRONES! PRIMATES! TOO LOW TO SERVE — EVEN AS MY SLAVES!
MEIN GOTT! THAT VOICE! LIKE AN ANGRY GUST OF WIND!
DEEP, DARK! A MAN'S VOICE!

SHE IS POSSESSED!
PAH!
SHE IS SIMPLY MAD!
AH, YES, MY DEAR KERNER! QUITE MAD! BUT THEN, ATLANTIS WENT DOWN IN SOME SORT OF MADNESS!
THERE CHUST MAY BE SOME PSYCHIC CONNECTION HERE!
PERHAPS, WITH SOME... AH, PERSUASION, SHE WILL REVEAL WHAT SHE SEES!
I WILL USE ANY MEANS TO UNLOCK THE SECRETS OF ATLANTIS!
I MUST FIND THE MOTHER LODE OF ORICHALCUM— TO BUILD MY SUPER-BOMB! NOW! WHILE OTHERS GROPE AND FUMBLE TO SPLIT THE ATOM...
...I WILL HOLD THE POWER OF THE GODS IN MY HAND!
THIS PLACE BREEDS MADNESS!

LET'S GET ON WITH IT, THEN! PERSUASION IS MY SPECIALTY!
ACH, NEIN! YOU S.S. ENCHOY YOUR WORK TOO MUCH!
THERE WOULD BE NOTHING LEFT OF HER FOR FUTURE QUESTIONING!
THIS WAY, FRAULEIN!
NOT A WORD!
I WARN YOU, UBERMANN! YOU EXCEED YOUR AUTHORITY!
SILENCE... AND STEP LIVELY!
I REMIND YOU, COLONEL, MY AUTHORITY COMES FROM DER FUEHRER HIMSELF!
WHY ARE YOU WHISPERINGMpFF... MMMF...
I SAID... SILENCE!
*@★ Ow! A MASHER!
WHOA— OA!
THAT'S DIRTY POOL!
YOU?!
DAMN YOU, INDY! YOU SCARED THE HELL OUT OF ME!
I THOUGHT—I MEAN, I WAS AFRAID YOU'D DROWNED!
DO I KISS YOU—OR CLOBBER YOU?

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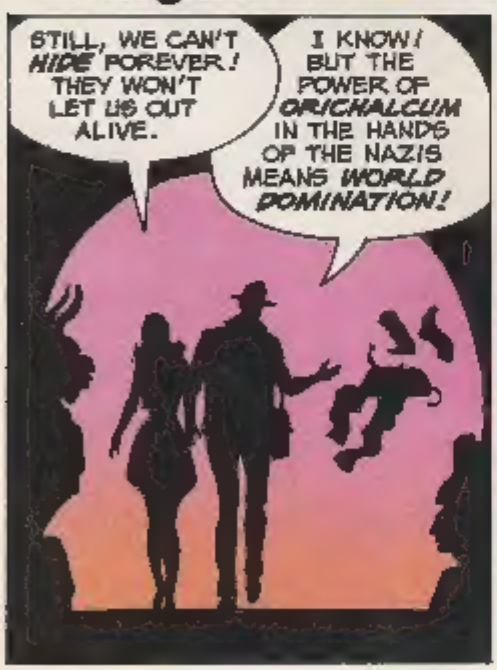
NOW, MISS HAPGOOD... MISS HAPGOOD? WHERE IS SHE?
NO TIME FOR WEIGHTY DECISIONS, KID! HANG ON!
WAIT...
HUNH?
CAN IT BE?
IT IS! A BEAD OF ORICHALCUM!
LOOK, INDY! A "HUNGRY MOUTH" RECEPTACLE!
EUREKA! THAT'S OUR WAY OUT!
HERE, PAL! A LITTLE TREAT!
NOW DO YOUR TRICK!
KERPLUNK
WHIRRKREE
HURRY! I CAN ALMOST FEEL THEIR HOT BREATH!
HOLD IT! THEY HAVE ORICHALCUM, TOO!
JUST IN CASE THEY KNOW HOW IT WORKS!
KRUNK

WE'VE GOT A JUMP ON THEM, SOPHIA! BESIDES, WE'VE STUDIED THE SCALE MODEL OF ATLANTIS!
THEY OBVIOUSLY HAVEN'T!
WE CAN BEAT THEM TO THE INNER SPIRAL, INDY...


STILL, WE CAN'T HIDE FOREVER! THEY WON'T LET US OUT ALIVE.
I KNOW! BUT THE POWER OF ORICHALCUM IN THE HANDS OF THE NAZIS MEANS WORLD DOMINATION!

IT'S JUST YOU AND ME, KID... THE ONLY ONES STANDING BETWEEN THOSE MADMEN AND HUMAN CATASTROPHE!
WE'RE GOING TO FIND THOSE ORICHALCUM MINES FIRST!
UP AHEAD, INDY!

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YOU'RE RIGHT AGAIN! THE AMBER DETECTOR IS GETTING HOT!
SPARKLING WITH STATIC ELECTRICITY!
ORICHALCUM IS NEARBY!
WHEW! TALK ABOUT HEAT!
A LAKE OF BOILING LAVA!
AND THERE IS OUR "MINE"!
ANOTHER INGENIOUS ATLANTEAN MACHINE—CONVERTING LAVA INTO PRECIOUS ORICHALCUM!
PLINK!
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INDY— IN HERE.
A CONVEYOR BELT! STORING ORICHALCUM INSIDE THE STATUE-MACHINE!
WE TAKE ALL WE CAN CARRY!
MY POCKETS AND PACKBAG ARE STUFFED FULL! BOY, THESE NUGGETS ARE HEAVY!
DON'T I KNOW IT!
THE HEAT! I'M DONE IN! GOTTA REST... SORRY...
SURE, KID! WE'RE A FEW LAPS AHEAD!
TAKE IT EASY!
THEY CAME... THE GREAT HORNED ONES.
THE SKY LIT WITH FIRE—AND THEY WERE HERE...
GODS WALKING AMONG US!
THAT VOICE AGAIN!
FROM THE BOILING PITS OF FIRE-ROCK, THEY GAVE US ORICHALCUM... AND IT CAUSED STONE AND BRONZE TO LIVE, TO WORK FOR US— AS SLAVES WHO DO THEIR MASTER'S BIDDING.
IT'S HIM!
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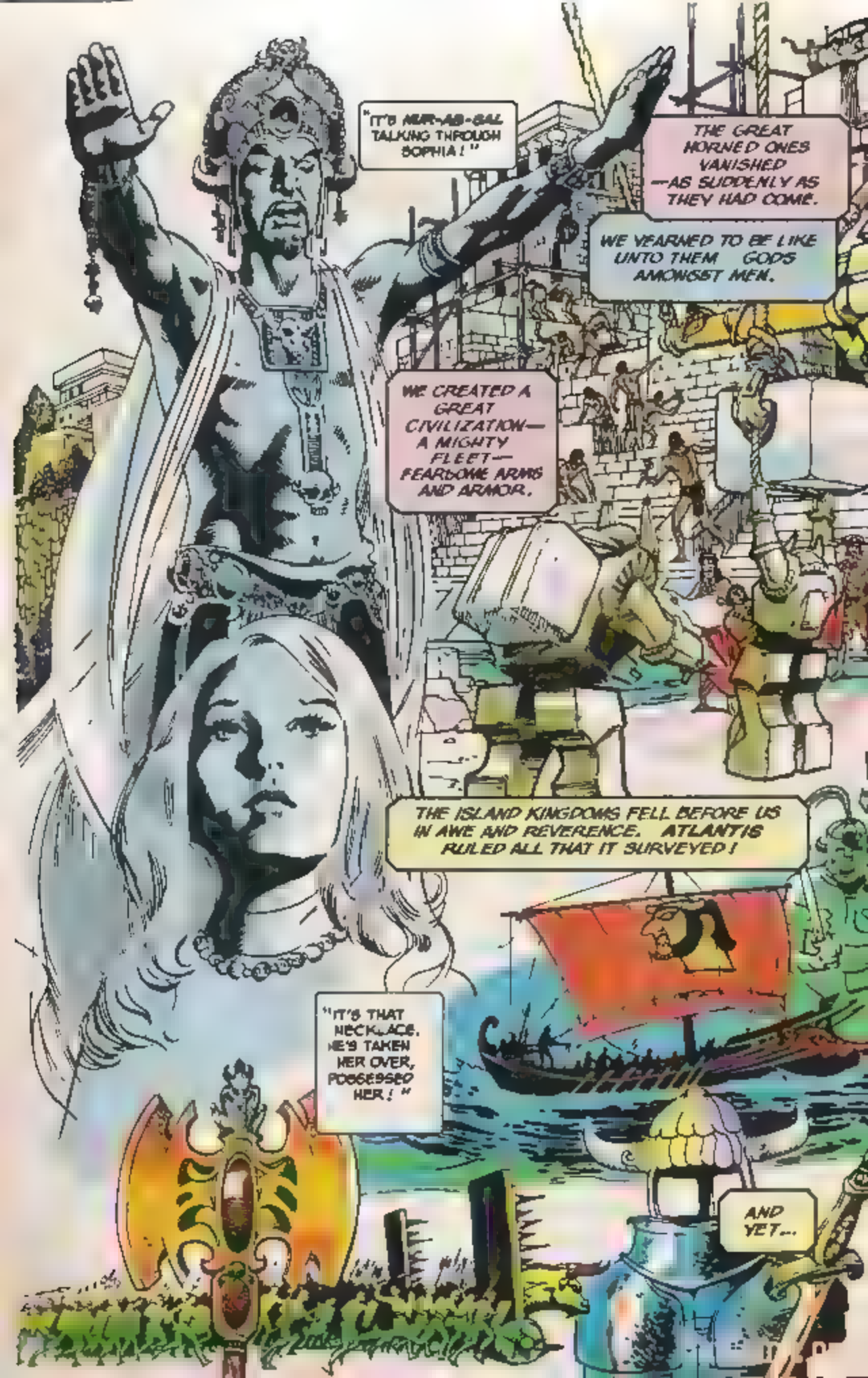
"IT'S MUR-AB-GAL TALKING THROUGH SOPHIA!"
THE GREAT HORNED ONES VANISHED —AS SUDDENLY AS THEY HAD COME.
WE YEARNED TO BE LIKE UNTO THEM GODS AMONGST MEN.
WE CREATED A GREAT CIVILIZATION— A MIGHTY FLEET— FEARSOME ARMS AND ARMOR.
THE ISLAND KINGDOMS FELL BEFORE US IN AWE AND REVERENCE. ATLANTIS RULED ALL THAT IT SURVEYED!
"IT'S THAT NECKLACE. HE'S TAKEN HER OVER, POSSESSED HER!"
AND YET...

...OUR DREAM WAS DOOMED. PERHAPS INFLAMED BY OUR PRETENTIONS, THE TRUE GODS ROSE UP IN ANGER.
BELLOWING, BOILING, SHAKEN WITH RAGE, THE FIRE-MOUNTAIN RAINED DOWN ITS CONTEMPT UPON US!
THE MIGHTY OCEAN ROILED AND SWELLED, CLIMBING EVER HIGHER, NIBBLING AT OUR SHORES... SWALLOWING SHATTERING OUR PROUD FLEET!
THE EMPIRE WAS CRUMBLING ...SINKING!
WE CARVED OUT A CITY WITHIN OUR ISLAND'S SHELL, LIT UP THE ETERNAL NIGHT WITH SUN-CRYSTALS, LOCKED OUT THE SEAS WITH AIR GATES. STILL THE GODS BESIEGED US.
THEN WE REMEMBERED THEM ...THE GREAT HORNED BEINGS.
SURELY THEY WOULD HAVE TURNED BACK THE SEAS, RESTORED THE GLORY OF ATLANTIS.
WE HAD TO BRING THEM BACK WE HAD TO RE-CREATE THEM!

IF ORICHALCUM COULD MAKE STONE AND BRONZE LIKE UNTO MEN, SURELY IT COULD MAKE MEN LIKE UNTO GODS! I, NUR-AB-SAL, LAST OF THE HIGH PRIESTS, HELPED FASHION THE GREAT DEVICE WHICH WOULD BE A MAKER OF GODS!
THE TESTS ON SLAVES, BEGGARS AND THIEVES BORE BUT A MISERABLE CROP OF HALF-FORMED SUBHUMANS!
"THAT EXPLAINS THE HIDEOUS SKELETONS WE'VE BEEN FINDING."
STILL WE WENT FORWARD. TEST UPON TEST, FAILURE FOLLOWED FAILURE DEATH, MUTILATION, MISERY...
.. UNTIL IN THE FADING TWILIGHT OF THE EMPIRE, THE WRETCHED AND THE MISERABLE ROSE UP IN REBELLION
IN THOSE FEW NIGHTMARE DAYS, THE CANALS RAN RED WITH BLOOD. THOUSANDS PERISHED!
I, NUR-AB-SAL, AMONG THEM

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ALL MY SECRET SCIENCES COULD NOT AVERT THE SHADOW OF DEATH. KNOWING THIS, I HAD IMPRESSED MY ESSENCE... MY MIND-SPIRIT.... UPON THIS AMBER NECKLACE.
THOUGH THE SEAS HAVE CLAIMED GLORIOUS ATLANTIS, I, HUR-AB-SAL, LIVE AGAIN. MY DREAM MAY YET BE FULFILLED! I MAY YET ATTAIN GODHOOD!
THE EMPIRE MAY YET BE RESTORED!
SOPHIA! COME OUT OF IT! LET ME TAKE THAT BLASTED THING!
NO! IT IS MINE! IT IS ME!
WAP
SOPHIE!
SOPHIE COME BA—
KRUNK

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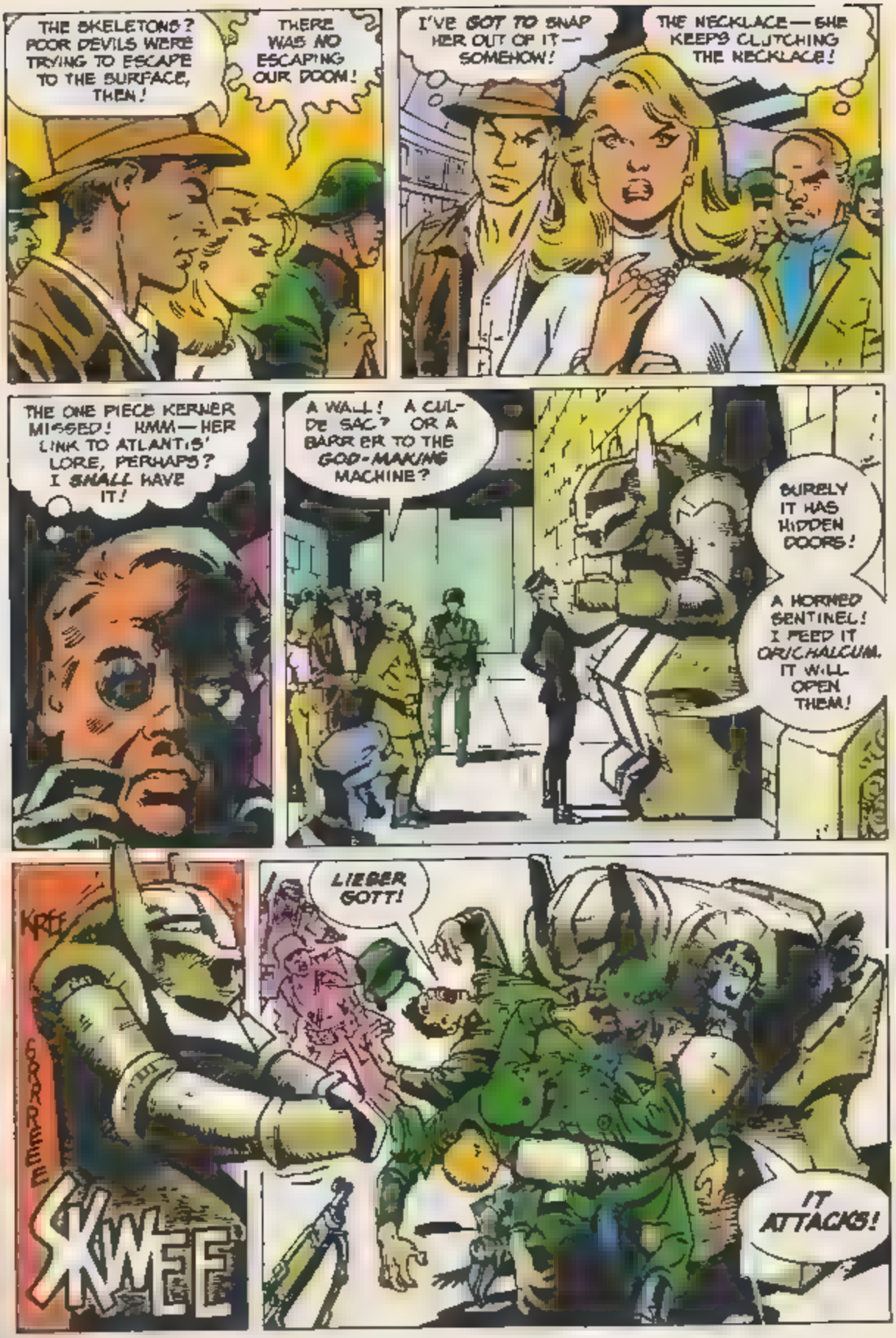
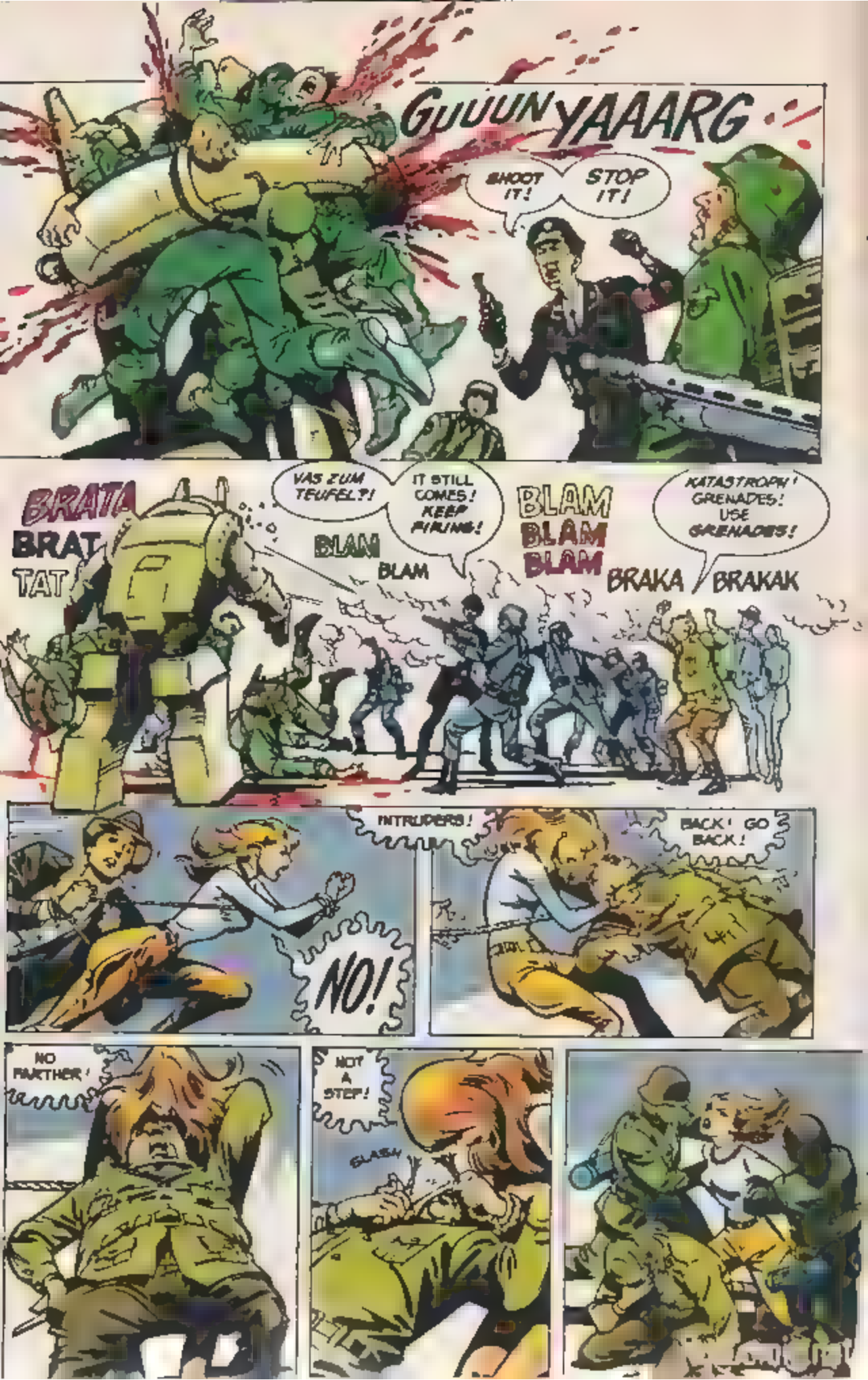
YOU'RE A SNAKE, KERNER! POPPING OUT OF DARK HOLES.
SNEAKING UP ON YOUR PREY...
ANYONE CAN TELL YOU...
...I HATE SNAKES!
AGH!
WWUMP
"MASTER RACE"?
SHOW ME!
ZU HILFE!
STOP HIM!
EEYA! —MEIN EYES!
OOPF!
WAP
KRAK

ON YOUR FEET, JONES!
YES, YOU ARE ALIVE!
A BULLET WOULD BE TOO QUICK.
TOO MERCIFUL!
I OWE YOU MORE!
A LONG AND AGONIZING DEATH! SOMETHING I CAN SAVOR WITH TIME!
KEEP IT UP, KLAUS! YOU'RE BORING ME TO DEATH!
INSOLENT CUR! I'LL...
KERNER! WHAT'S KEEPING YOU?
HE-EY! YOUR MASTER'S VOICE!
JAWOHL, PROFESSOR! WE ARE RIGHT BEHIND YOU!
SOPHIE, LOOK! A MOCK-UP OF OUR HORNED IDOL!
BURROWING INTO THE GROUND!
OF COURSE, FOOL! THAT IS WHAT IT DOES!
DIGS! THROUGH SOLID ROCK!


THE SKELETONS? POOR DEVILS WERE TRYING TO ESCAPE TO THE SURFACE, THEN!
THERE WAS NO ESCAPING OUR DOOM!
I'VE GOT TO SNAP HER OUT OF IT— SOMEHOW!
THE NECKLACE— SHE KEEPS CLUTCHING THE NECKLACE!
THE ONE PIECE KERNER MISSED! HMM— HER LINK TO ATLANTIS' LORE, PERHAPS? I SHALL HAVE IT!
A WALL! A CUL-DE SAC? OR A BARRIER TO THE GOD-MAKING MACHINE?
SURELY IT HAS HIDDEN DOORS!
A HORNED SENTINEL! I FEED IT ORICHALCUM. IT WILL OPEN THEM!
KRCE
GRRRRRR!!
SKWEE
LIEBER GOTT!
IT ATTACKS!


GUUUNYAAARG
SHOOT IT!
STOP IT!
BRATA
BRAT
TAT
VAS ZUM TEUFEL?!
IT STILL COMES! KEEP FIRING!
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BRAKA
BRAKAK
KATASTROPH! GRENADES! USE GRENADES!
INTRUDERS!
NO!
BACK! GO BACK!
NO FARTHER!
NOT A STEP!
SLASH

NOW!
EEEEYAA
SOPHIE... EASY..
OHH...INDY! MY NECKLACE. :SOB:
IT'S OKAY, KID! I'LL GET IT BACK! TRUST ME!
I DO. I TRUST YOU, INDY. I TRUST YOU.
KRASH
IT TRIPPED ON ITS OWN FEET!
MEDICS! SEE TO THE WOUNDED!
PROFESSOR! AT THE END OF THE WALL... AN OPEN NG! COME SEE!
AHHHHHH!

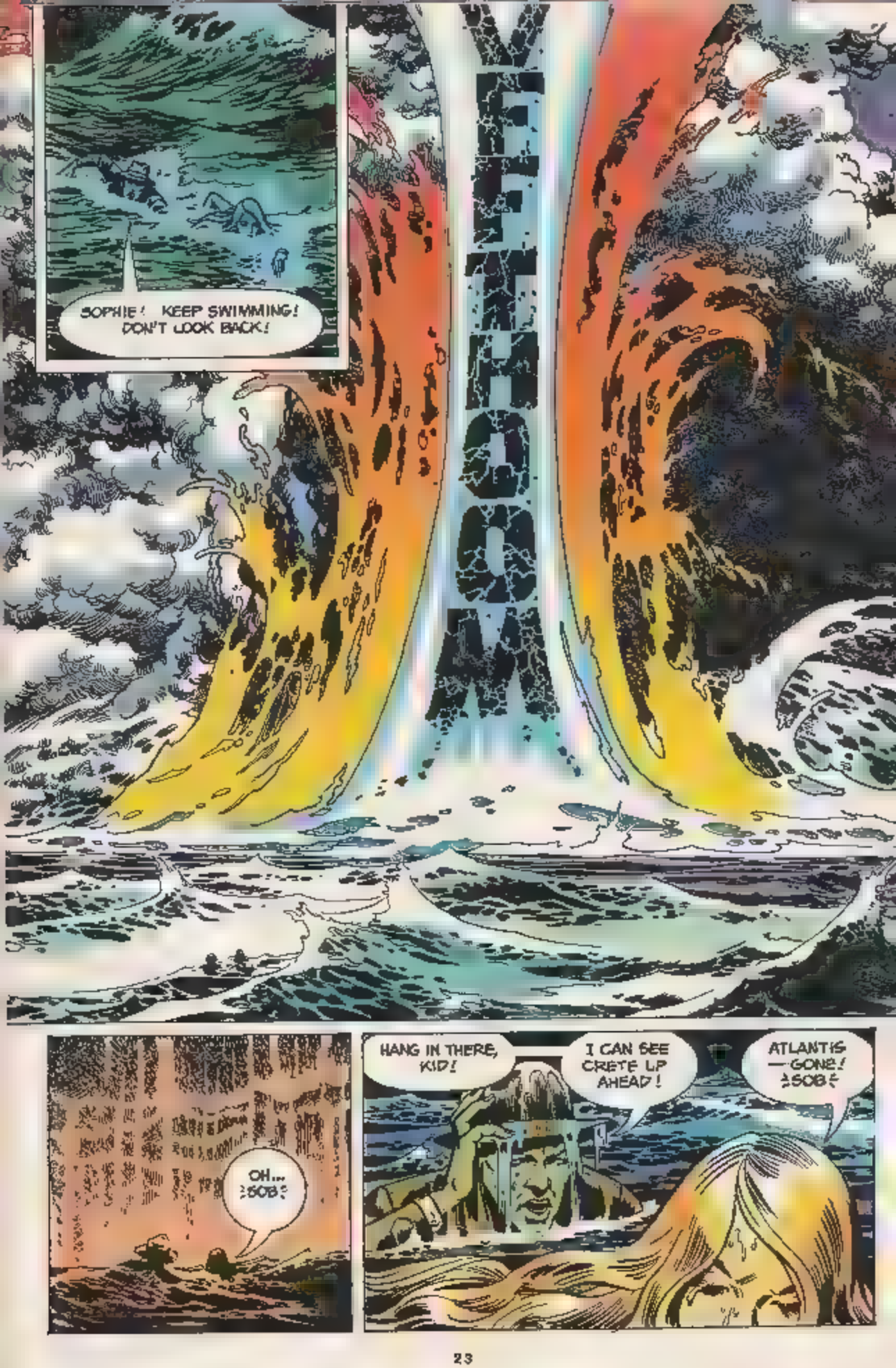
AH, YES!
THE GOD MACHINE!
THE GOD MACHINE!
ACH, JA! EKSTASE! AT LAST! AT MY FINGERTIPS! IMMORTALITY!
YES — BUT NOT FOR YOU, PORK FLESH!
A RECEPTACLE! I SHALL FILL IT WITH ORICHALCUM!
AND TAKE MY PLACE IN ETERNITY!
A GOD, BY GOD!
NOBLE GERMANS...
...SOON A GOD SHALL LEAD YOU!
INDEED! A PURE-BLOODED PRUSSIAN GOD!

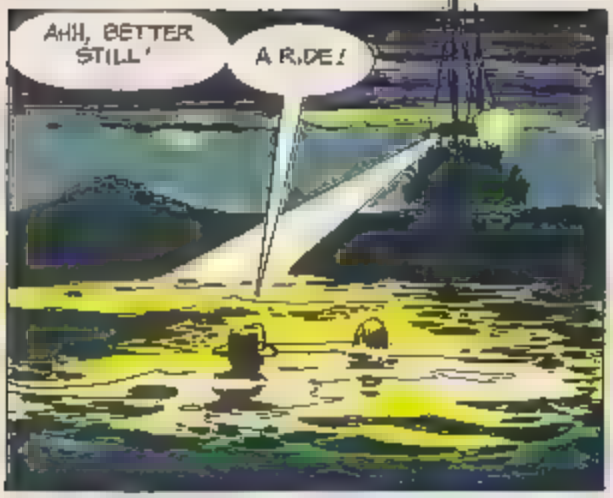
SCHWEINHUND! TRAITOR! NO!
ACH! THE HEAT!
HAHAHA! I, KLAUS KERNER, SHALL RULE THE WORLD!
THAT BAVARIAN UPSTART HITLER, WILL KISS MY..
...FEET! I SHALL... PFGRGLL... SPUT... GLG..
GRI!...
YARAAARKHH!
DOG! SWEEP UP HIS REMAINS!
I SHALL NOT FAIL!
THE NECKLACE! THAT IS THE KEY!
INDY. STOP HIM! I TRUSTED YOU!
HE'S STEALING MY BIRTHRIGHT! I'M DESTINED FOR GODHOOD!
SOPHIE... THINK! NUR-AB-SAL WON'T LET HIM!
AHH, VALHALLA! OPEN YOUR GATES! ICH KOMME! ICH KOMME!

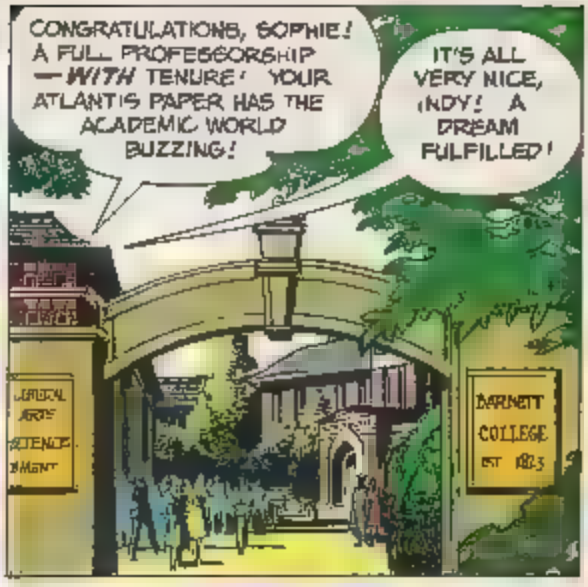
AHHK...
ARRR?
RARGHHH...
NNKGLFFF...
FAMSHLG...
KHKHH...
GOU
PFOOM
THOOOOM
TOLD YA, KID!
MUR-AB SALS REVENGE! COME ON...
EXIT CUB!
RRRRRUMBLRRR

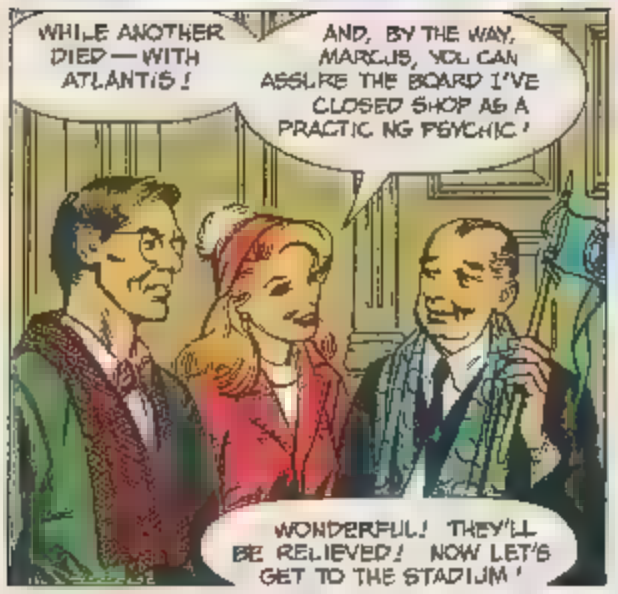
KRAK
YOU'RE BLOCKING TRAFFIC, BOYS!
EEE!YAA!
BRATATATAT
THANKS, PAL.
MY GOD! ATLANTIS IS DYING... AGAIN!
FAST, KID!
THE GERMANS ARE ON OUR HEELS.
KRUNCH
EEK!
YUCH!
UH-OH!

FULL UP, GENTLEMEN...
NEXT BUS!
I FED IT ORICHALCUM. IT'S HUMMING, INDY.
YEAH... BUT WHICH ONE OF THESE GIMCRACKS PUTS IT INTO GEAR?
HEY! EUREKA!
TRRRRURRRRTRRRRRRGRRRKKRRRGR
TRRRRRRRRRRR
FWOOOOSH
SOPHIE!
SOPHIE?

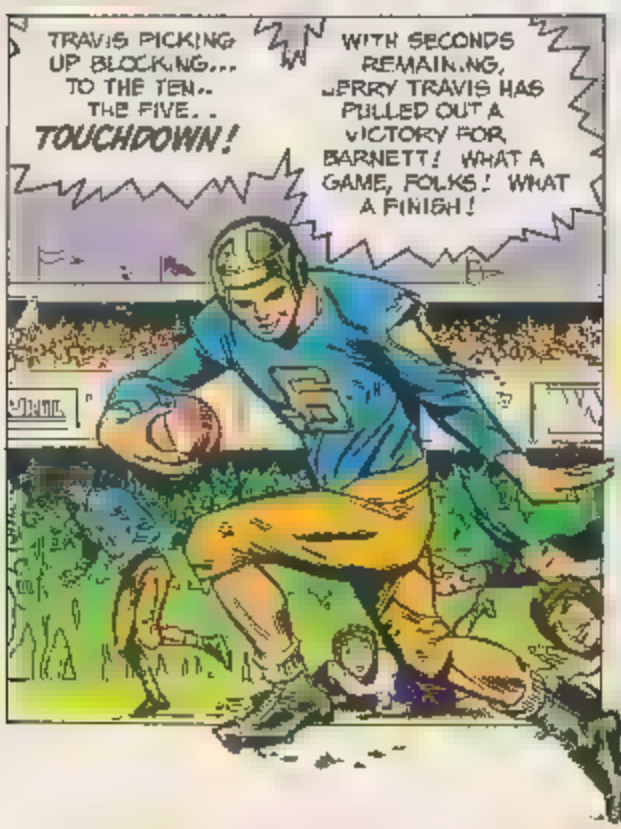

SOPHIE! KEEP SWIMMING! DON'T LOOK BACK!
MYTHOS
OH... SOB!
HANG IN THERE, KID!
I CAN SEE CRETE UP AHEAD!
ATLANTIS —GONE! SOB!

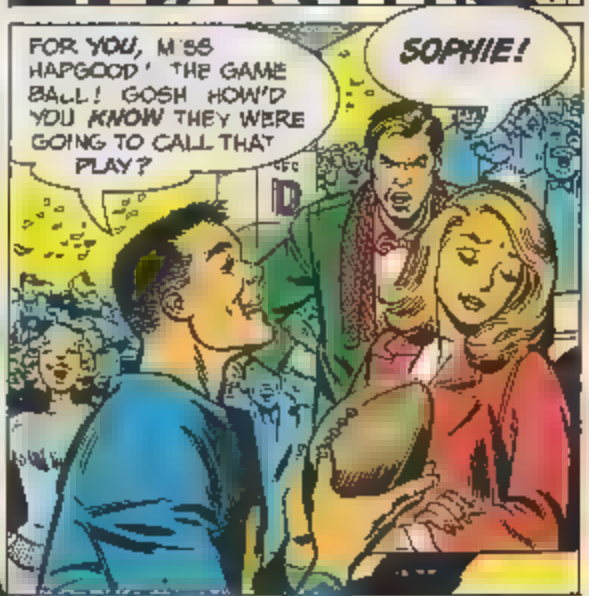

AHH, BETTER STILL!
A RIDE!


CONGRATULATIONS, SOPHIE! A FULL PROFESSORSHIP —WITH TENURE! YOUR ATLANTIS PAPER HAS THE ACADEMIC WORLD BUZZING!
IT'S ALL VERY NICE, INDY! A DREAM FULFILLED!
BARNETT COLLEGE EST 1823

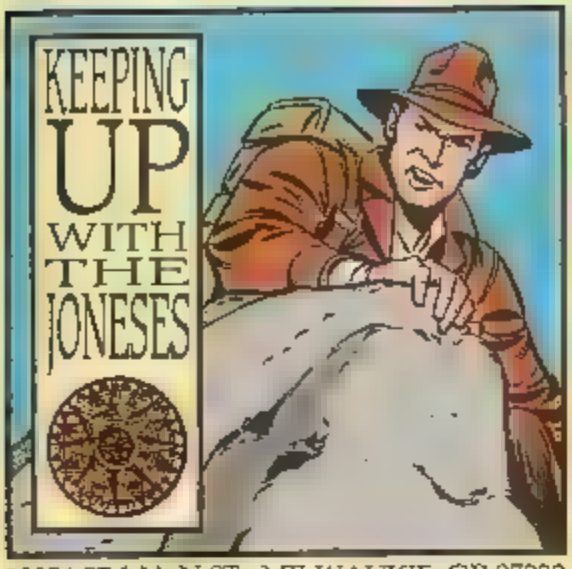

WHILE ANOTHER DIED — WITH ATLANTIS!
AND, BY THE WAY, MARCUS, YOU CAN ASSURE THE BOARD I'VE CLOSED SHOP AS A PRACTICING PSYCHIC!
WONDERFUL! THEY'LL BE RELIEVED! NOW LET'S GET TO THE STADIUM!

A-AND...IT'S INTERCEPTED!
TRAVIS READ THAT PLAY PERFECTLY. GOT THERE BEFORE THE INTENDED RECEIVER!


TRAVIS PICKING UP BLOCKING... TO THE TEN.. THE FIVE.. TOUCHDOWN!
WITH SECONDS REMAINING, JERRY TRAVIS HAS PULLED OUT A VICTORY FOR BARNETT! WHAT A GAME, FOLKS! WHAT A FINISH!


FOR YOU, MISS HAPGOOD! THE GAME BALL! GOSH HOW'D YOU KNOW THEY WERE GOING TO CALL THAT PLAY?
SOPHIE!

FINIS



10956 SE MAIN ST., MILWAUKIE, OR 97222

Dear Diana,

So there I was, bored out of my mind at 2 in the morning, waiting for a call from a friend on the west coast who still hasn't gotten the hang of this time zone thing. I figure I'll reach for my mammoth stack of comics that I either want to read or feel I *should* read (too many of the latter in proportion to the former these days). Ah ha! *Indiana Jones* #2. Fine. That's one I want to read, obviously. I greatly enjoy Bill's work, and only a blind person could ignore Dan Barry's stuff, and Karl Kesel is aces (although, together, Karl and Barbara are too damn *cute* for words) **[ain't *that* the truth?!]**, and, better still, I both enjoyed and still remembered the first issue. What more could I ask for at 2 a.m.?

After reading and enjoying the issue, I started on the letter column where I fell across, of all things, myself. Go figure.

Thanks for the kind words, Diana. I appreciate them now in the cold light of day just as much as I did at 2 in the morning. You're a class act.

Warmest wishes for your continued success.

Best —
Mike Gold

Thanks, Mike. And here you are, back in these pages again! You know, it's one thing to receive kudos from readers, but it's especially gratifying when an industry colleague takes notice of one's work — and you've just made my day, Mike! (For the one or two of you who may not know, Mike Gold — whose home address I chose to withhold — is a senior editor at DC Comics, currently in charge of that company's new Impact line of titles, including my old favorite, *The Fly*.)

Dear Diana,

Re *Indiana Jones and the Fate of Atlantis* #2

I just bought this comic and I'm holding it with my shivering hands. I'll write again when I read the issue.

Kashif
Ostring 74
W 6231 Schwalbach
Germany

And almost immediately thereafter, this arrived. .

Dear Lady Di (or would you prefer "Your Highness"?) **["Diana" is just fine]**

First of all, let me tell the essence of my letter in one word: *perfect!*

I know you don't want to hear anything about comparing Marvel's *Indy* with your version anymore. I can understand your frustration because there is no way for comparing: Marvel's version was an action comic without interaction and sense (therefore quite boring). Your *Indiana Jones* is just like the movies. There is the right mixture of action, characterization, and humor, which are the basics of the Spielberg/Lucas/Ford movies. Your story especially shows the understanding of the heart and soul of the movies. Good work. Mr. Barwood and the rest of the team. Keep it up, just like the Joneses.

Kashif
Ostring-74
W 6231 Schwalbach
Germany

Dear Respondent,

Who is Marcus Brody? Is he, as Dr. Jones's consultation with him in issue #1 suggests, Dr. Jones's colleague? Is he, perhaps, a fellow holder of a Ph.D. in archaeology or a fellow professor of archaeology?

Issue #2, page 17, bottom tier: a college student registered in an archaeology class taught by Dr. Jones uses the title "Mister," not "Doctor," not "Professor," in addressing Brody. A couple of panels later, Dr. Hector Uribe, authority on Atlantis, also uses the title "Mister" in addressing Brody.

If Brody isn't Jones s professional colleague, then who is he exactly? Suppose one of your readers is new to the series — someone, say, who was born eight years ago — is he supposed to know who Brody is? **[I think it's pretty clear, in the context of the story, that Brody is Indy's professional colleague. Not all college instructors have Ph.D.s, and that was especially true in the '30s when the M.A. degree was less common than it is today and generally sufficient for teaching at the college level.]**

Your Marcus Brody certainly isn't the one in the movies. Actor Denholm Elliott, who plays Brody on film, is missing the end joint of one of his thumbs: it's quite noticeable if you look for it. Your Brody, as the first two panels of the aforementioned tier graphically depict, has two healthy thumbs.

Your artist excels at humorous caricature and little else. The pages are cramped, and when the visual narrative isn't bland, it's confusing. The coloring adds a feel of clutter, rather than definition, to panels already cluttered with balloons that should be non-intrusive.

In issue #2, on page 11, Jones is spewed forth from an icelandic geyser. Iceland's geysers are much hotter than those in the U.S.A.: he would have been boiled alive — very badly burned. Has Messner-Loebs become Barwood and Falstein's hack?

Schutz asked if the Atlantean legends sound as exciting as the Holy Grail or the Ark of the Covenant, adding that it does to her. **[In fact, it was Lucasfilm writer Hal Barwood who asked this, in the afterword to *Indy* #1.]**

Why she **(sic)** bothers comparing her comic book to the film trilogy I don't know, but these films treated of historical realities, holy relics, of the big three — Judaism, paganism, and Christianity — and the relation of those relics to faith.

The one true God, who spoke to Moses, and, in the person of Jesus, lived among us, and the historical reality of the demonic cult of Thugs, which, from the 13th century to the 19th century, was comprised of murderers and thieves who worshipped Kali, Hindu goddess of Destruction (Kali = the Black One), are all infinitely more exciting than a speculative fantasy that exists only in literature rather than history, but D.S. is entitled to her opinion, and she can keep it.

If one wishes to make comparisons to the films, consider the following.

In the comic book, Sophie the psychic's self-justification is the story's sop to faith, and is an embarrassment to it. she says of her marks, "I give these people something! A spiritual feeling...and *hope!*" Sure, babe. **[Uh, "babe"?]**

In the films, Jones respects the innocence of faith, and fights against the machinations of evil's forces as they attempt to manipulate faith s holy relics, but in the comic book he callously disabuses Sophie's rich clients, then, despite her scam, which he does rebuke, he enlists Sophie as an ally.

If the film Jones respects the innocence of faith, the comic book Jones weds his affairs to one who exploits the innocence of faith, albeit of faithfu, who aren't very innocent, then uses *newspeak* to argue that in exploiting her marks she "gives" them "hope."

She belongs in the same jail Jim Bakker is in.

David Malcolm Porta
3215 19th Avenue
Sacramento, CA 95820-3801

All the way from the pages of *Jonny Quest* to the pages of *Indiana Jones* . as always, Mr. Porta, you provide a, uh, lively commentary.

Dear Diana,

There was one depressing thing about *Indiana Jones and the Fate of Atlantis* #1 Dave Dorman s cover Indy looked so much like Harrison Ford that it's sad that this won't become a movie.

And the cover of issue #2 looked even more like a photograph! I liked the tight, fast paced story, and the witty dialogue was immensely entertaining.

History and geography go together . besides, where would Indy be without globe-trotting? In addition, it was nice that the Azores were included because there was once a theory that the islands were the top of the submerged Atlantis.

It's good to *not* have a leading lady who is a damsel in distress or an enemy in disguise. I applaud Sophia.

Well, since there aren't going to be any more Indy films, at least I can thrill to this. Hope the next series retains this quality.

Melissa Dawn Page
236 New Salem Loop
Nortonville, KY 42442

Melissa, meet Elvis Orten, a fellow Dave Dorman fan — or do you two already know each other, given your zip code proximity? Could it be that you've been

- *gasp* — secretly meeting at Munden's Bar?!

Dear Diana and Mike,

The cover to *Indiana Jones* #2 was probably the most impressive, breathtaking effort from the multi-talented genius that is Dave Dorman that I've seen thus far. The facial expression, the body symmetry, everything was perfect. I know he's used Lurene as a model in at least one prior instance, and I was curious as to whether he used a male model for Indy or not.

Also, speaking of Lurene, she really outdid herself on the color hues. They were spectacular.

Uncle Elvis
17650 Dawson Road
Dawson Springs, KY 42408

Dave has been working from movie stills and photographs, although Lurene did pose as Sophia for last issue's cover painting.

Dear Diana et al.,

This much is true: Once there was a man named Plato who, around 350 B.C., wrote the dialogues *Timaeus* and *Critias* (among others). All accounts of Atlantis begin there. The story starts with the claim that it is true. Belief in the past reality of Atlantis begins with that. All of Plato's stories make the same claim, no matter how unbelievable. Like...during Earth's normal rotation people grow old and die. Cyclically God rewinds the Earth, destroying most of humankind. Those who survive experience a reversal in aging to a resurrection. This is truth, Plato says. Sometimes he gives contradictory accounts of the same time period, claiming fact for all.

Wondering why a member of Socrates's inner circle would write such things? Some that even the ignorance of this early age acknowledged as preposterous? Everything leads to the *Republic*, his Utopia. There he wrote, "In the fables of which we were just now speaking, owing to our ignorance of the truth of antiquity,we liken the false to the true as far as we may and so make it edifying." It's allegory; it's creative license. As Aristotle said of Plato and Atlantis, " the one who created it also destroyed it."

But Atlantis makes an exciting literary device. Its enduring popularity proves that. So it seems appropriate that one of the most popular fictional heroes of today should become involved with one of the most popular fictional places. It's also consistent with the link between Indy and Nazi Germany, whose obsession with things occult and fantastic was well used in all three of the films. The combination is a natural.

Too much archaeological work today is salvage, working a site quickly while the heavy equipment sits idle, waiting to recommence construction. The majority of sites will be destroyed before they can be more than cursorily investigated, if at all. I kept hoping that *Indiana Jones* would spark a real interest in archaeology among the general populace. Unfortunately I haven't seen it. Indy is more of an adventurer anyway. He's a restless character who would've been at home in an H. Rider Haggard novel like *King Solomon's Mines*. So I've decided not to count on an upheaval in people's awareness from this source and just enjoy the stories for themselves.

This one is lush, '30s, and very Hollywood. It fits the pattern of the films. The characters are consistent, even those created for this story. One character I hope will make occasional appearances is Indy's father. Otherwise the lettercol title isn't accurate. Besides, I like him. **[Is there any female on the planet who *doesn't* like Sean Connery?!]**

While I'm looking forward to the resolution of this story, I'm even more interested in seeing the writer(s) come up with consistent (in tone if not in theme) and exciting goals for Indy in the future. This should be challenging. Good luck and good inspiration.

Mig Archey
2375 Myrtle NE
Salem, OR 97303

Thanks, Mig. While we have several *Indiana* series in the works, the next one you'll likely be seeing is the *Young Indiana Jones* series written and pencilled by Dan Barry. Look for it early next year.

In the meantime, our next Lucasfilm project is a six-issue bi-monthly and beautiful *Star Wars* (set to debut in December), written by Tom Veitch and painted by Cam Kennedy, with edits by too-cute-for-words Barbara Kesel.

And for those of you who missed the first issue of this *Indy* series, Dark Horse is reprinting that issue next month.

'Til then, I'm outta here!

— Diana Schutz

Remember when you could look forward to your favorite serialized story in ***Dark Horse Presents*** being spun-off into its own title? ***Concrete***, ***Trekker***, ***Homicide***, ***Race of Scorpions***, and even ***Roachmill*** made the leap from the pages of ***DHP*** to their own series or specials. Think those good old days are gone forever? Think again.

This past year we've taken giant steps forward in the range and quality of material featured in ***DHP***—stories like **Frank Miller**'s ***Sin City***, **Matt Wagner**'s ***The Aerialist*** and **Stephen Csotras** and **Stefano Gaudiano**'s ***Harlequin***, have all struck significant chords with their readers. And while we still showcase the occasional licensed feature—like ***Aliens*** or ***Predator***—Dark Horse remains committed to being the number one publisher of creator-owned comics. We're also committed to keeping our readers on their toes. For that reason, you can expect a number of exciting new series to spring from the fertile pages of your favorite anthology over the course of the next year.

Which exciting new series? Well, in no particular order: **Eddie Campbell**'s erudite and inebriated Bacchus has already taken the plunge into his own main series, ***Deadface: Doing the Islands With Bacchus*** (issue #3 of which is on sale this month); writer **John Arcudi** and artists **Tony Atkins** and **Paul Guinan** are teaming for an ***Aliens*** story that will introduce the upcoming four-issue series ***Aliens: Genocide***, by **Arcudi** and artists **Damon Willis** and **Karl Story**; **Anina Bennett** and **Paul Guinan**'s beautiful, brainy, and dangerous ***Heartbreakers*** (who recently concluded a three-issue run in ***DHP***) will be rocketing your way next spring in their own limited series, after the current "Violent Mary" story runs its course; **Frank Miller** has plans for a number of stand-alone stories set in the corrupt metropolis of ***Sin City***; and finally, a guy by the name of **John Byrne** is introducing the world to a group of youngsters known as ***The Next Men*** who'll be starring in their own monthly color series.

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Now, with all of these new series spinning out of the pages of ***Dark Horse Presents***, you might think there'd be no room left for other features. Well, you *might* think that, but you'd be wrong. In upcoming issues of ***DHP*** you'll be getting monthly doses of humor from **Rick Geary**; new ***Homicide*** stories by **John Arcudi** and **Gray Morrow**—plus ***The Creep***, a ***Homicide*** spin-off from **Arcudi** and **Dale Eaglesham**; the star-spanning misadventures of ***Earth Boys***, by **Cliff Biggers**, **Brett Brooks**, and **Dave Johnson** (making the universe *unsafe* for just about everyone!); the continuing sagas of ***The Aerialist*** by **Matt Wagner** and ***Sin City*** by **Frank Miller**; and even an appearance by our most famous charter member, **Paul Chadwick**'s ***Concrete***!

I could go on, but modesty (and lack of space) prevents me. I'll just end things with a word to the wise: miss an issue of ***Dark Horse Presents*** at your own peril!

-Randy Stradley

CHECKLIST

☐ **SHIPPING SEPTEMBER 3**
Dark Horse Presents #54
Aliens: Wars #6
Terminator: Secondary Objective #3

☐ **SHIPPING SEPTEMBER 10**
Chevalier Noir #22
Deadface #3
Race of Scorpions II #3
Predator: Cold War #1

☐ **SHIPPING SEPTEMBER 17**
Bill & Ted's Bogus Journey #1
Badlands #3

☐ **SHIPPING SEPTEMBER 24**
Almuric #1
Outlanders #33
Deadline #1
Indiana Jones #4
The Mask #2

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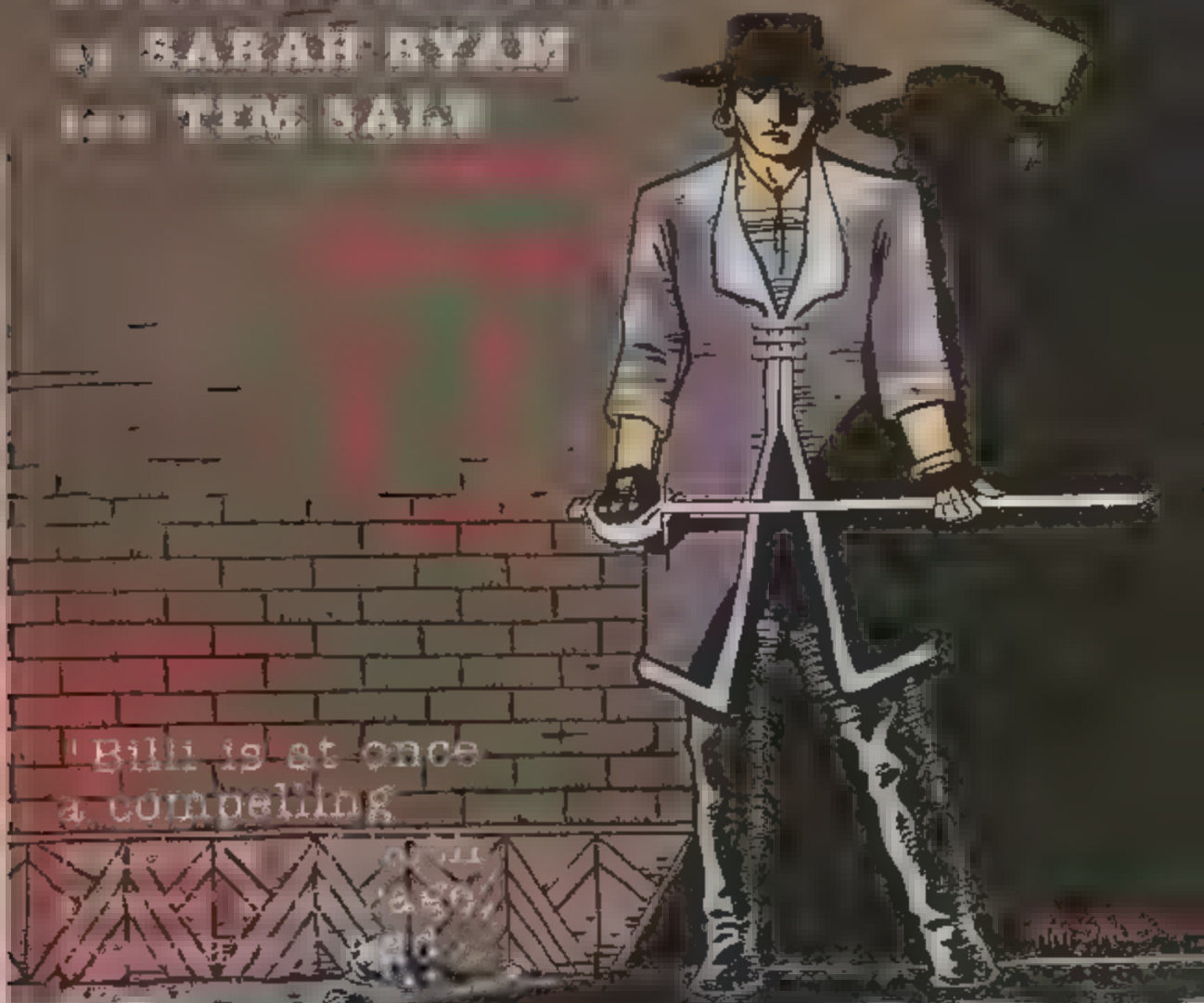

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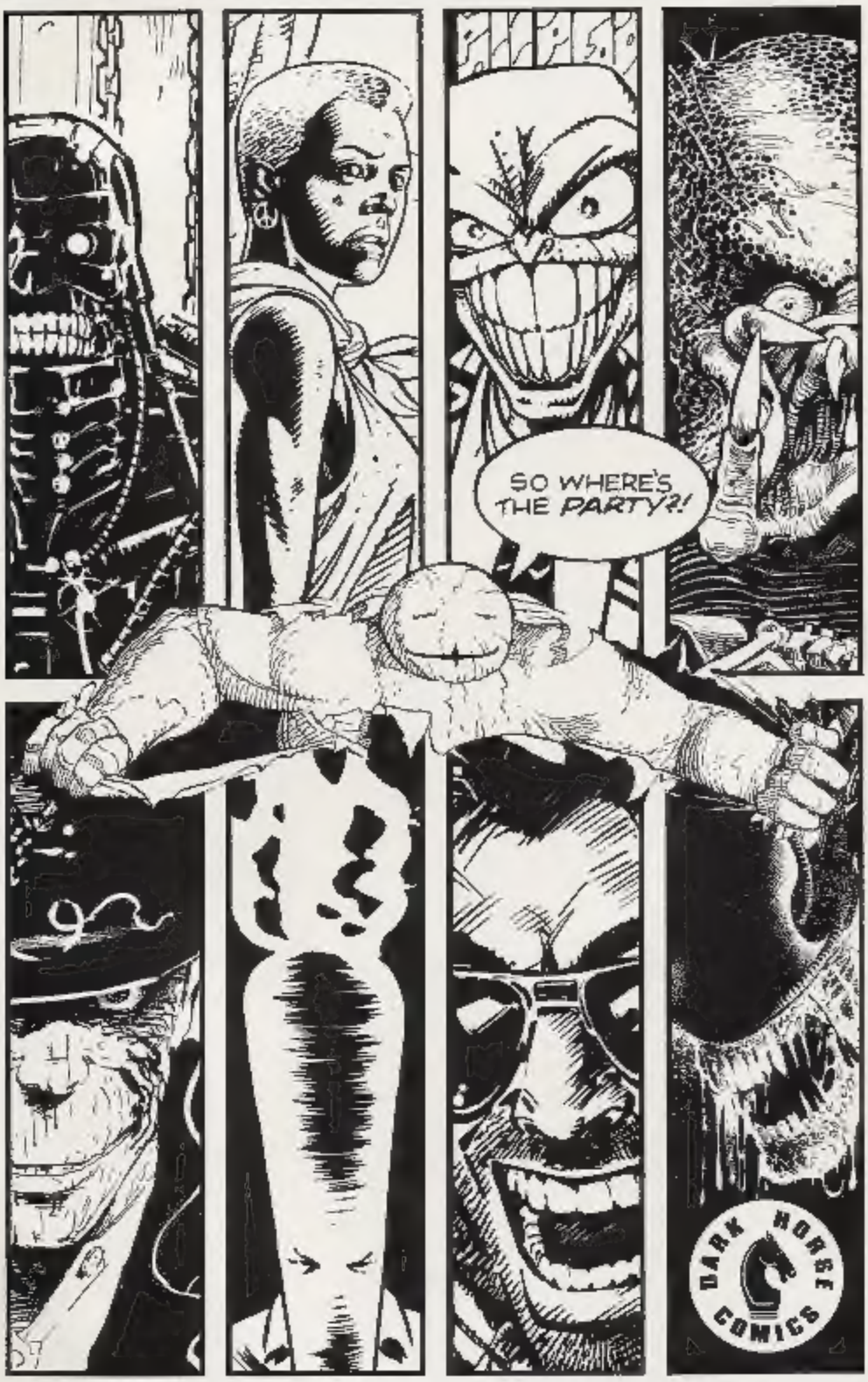

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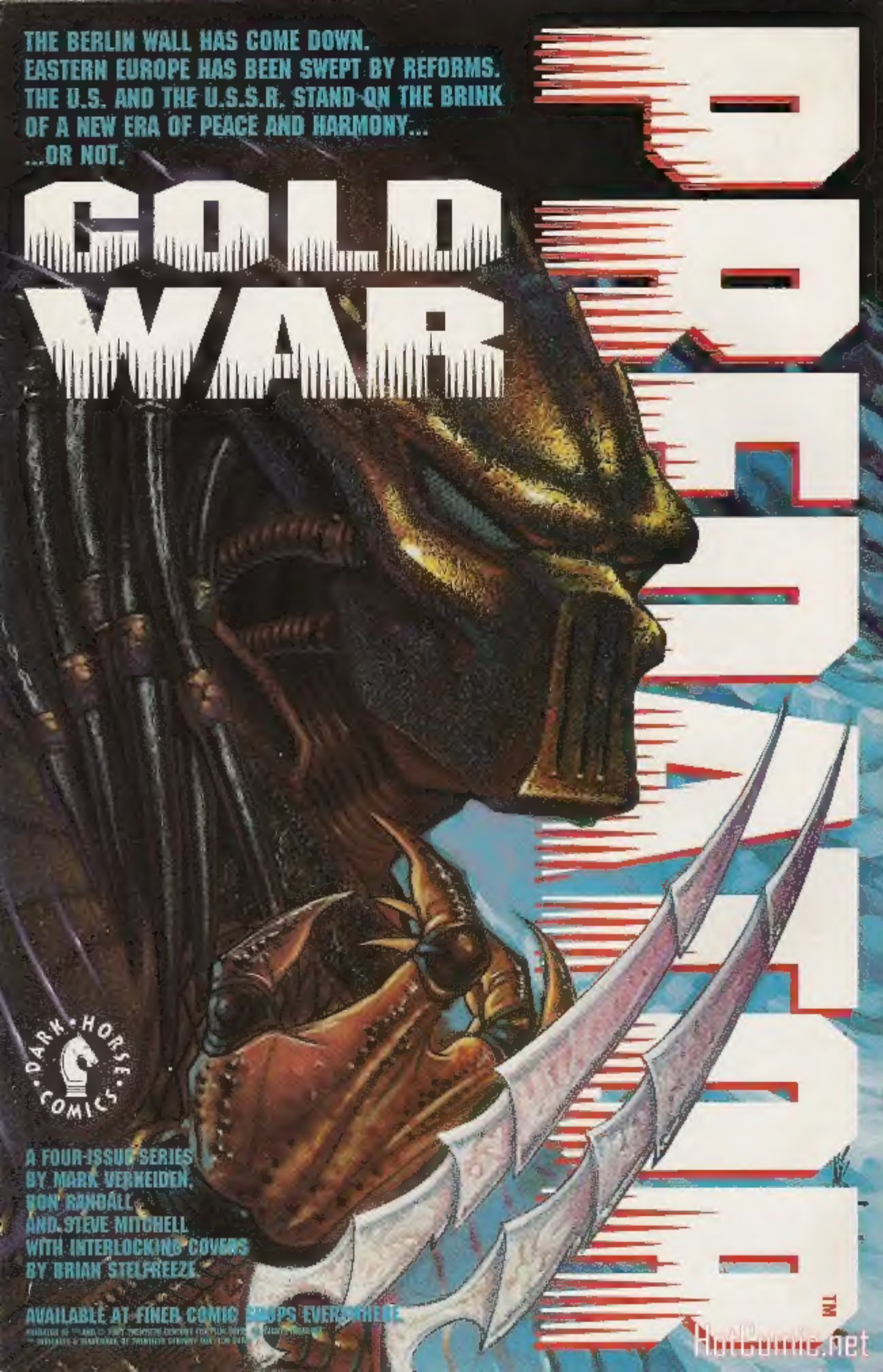
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